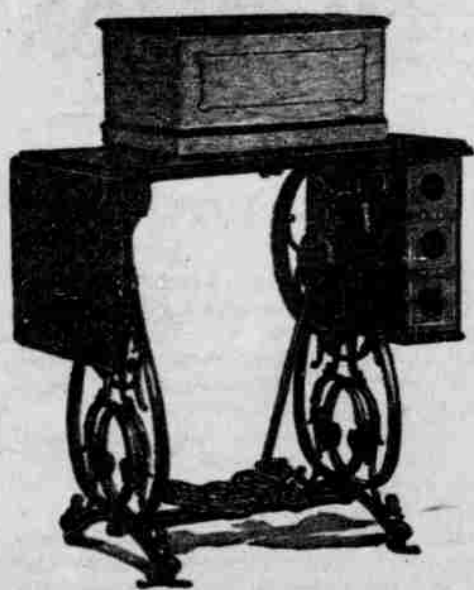


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**ISOSHIMA'S STORE**  
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LUNATIC—The idea of a little run-out like that trying to give a six-cylinder car like his dust.—Life.

**Bunch of Good Stories**

"This happened to me and I want to publish it as a warning to other married men," said a business man the other day.

"I was busy at the office until late, and there dropped in unexpectedly a friend whom I hadn't seen for some time. Of course, we immediately adjourned to a popular cafe, where we set 'em up a couple of times. Then my friend insisted it was due to us to have dinner right where we were. Well, I had said I was coming home to dinner, so I knew there would be explanations coming if I tried to break that off, but I also knew that there would be more if I didn't let the wife know. Anyhow I marched to the telephone, which hung conveniently near, and called up my house. As soon as I heard my wife at the other end I pathetically murmured:

"Can't get home to dinner, dear; am crowded with work at the office and will stay late."

"There was a silence for a second, and then I nearly threw a fit. My wife answered back firmly:

"Well, of course, I believe you, and we will not wait dinner, but when you get home you'll have to explain to me how they happen to have an orchestra in your office."—Philadelphia Record.

**Frankness.**

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was discussing joyfully our society leader's claim that too many statesmen appear to rely on untruthfulness—on the absence of socks, etc.—for their fame.

"I would point out, said he, 'that neither Caesar nor Alexander wore socks, and if I attacked New York society as frankly as this person has attacked public life I might—but, after all, perfect frankness is invariably a bad thing.

"You have heard, perhaps, of the young man who admired perfect frankness? Calling on a pretty girl, he said:

"If there is one thing that I reverence in this world, perfect frankness is that thing."

"Yes," said the girl. "Then I'll at once grasp the opportunity to urge you to shave off your moustache before you eat another soft-boiled egg."—Rochester Herald.

**Merited.**

That Beerbohm Tree, the player, has a caustic wit is evidenced by an incident wherein he and an unknown playwright figured.

The writer had obtained permission to read his offering to Tree. The actor evinced no great degree of enthusiasm, either during or after the reading; but he did take the manuscript, upon which he scribbled hastily a few suggestions for its betterment.

"See here, Mr. Tree," was the indignant ejaculation of the ambitious playwright, "it's hardly fair of you to dispose of my work in this summary and nonchalant fashion. I'd have you know that this play cost me a year's hard labor!"

"So?" queried Tree. "My dear fellow, any impartial judge would give you at least five!"—Harper's Weekly.

**How He Calmed Them.**

One night at a theater some scenery took fire and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectator. A panic seemed to be imminent, when an actor appeared upon the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

**A Cure For Heart Trouble.**

George Christie, nephew of the noted minstrel man, and himself a well known composer, says that he never was sorry but once that he helped write a song.

When Bert Fitzgibbon came to him with the lyric of a song called "You

Can't Stop Your Heart From Beating" young Christie most enthusiastically set to work to put music to it, but now he's sorry. It happened this way. Christie occupied the adjoining room to a newly married couple who were very much in love.

The husband had learned Christie's song and all day long he sang it to his bride. In the morning before breakfast his accordion-plated tenor voice warbled "You Can't Stop Your Heart From Beating for the Girl You Love." After lunch it was the same and as a good night solo he rendered it.

The last straw was added to the camel's back when the bride learned the song and the love-sick couple sang the song in barber shop harmony. This was too much for Christie and he left the hotel, sorry that he had ever written the song.

Passing a neighboring drug store, an idea struck him and he entered and purchased a bottle of carbolic acid. Wrapping it up in a neat package he presented it through the bell boy to the honeymooners with a note that simply read:

"This will stop your heart from Easy Charity."

Frederick Townsend Martin, the brilliant leader of New York society, was discussing at a dinner the fund that he is raising for the great campaign against tuberculosis.

"Now, as Christmas approaches," said Mr. Martin, "my fund will grow fast. Christmas opens all hearts and pockets. It finds few Americans like—like the Spaniards.

"A man once solicited for a charity in St. Sebastian," he said. "He asked a nobleman to subscribe. The nobleman shook his head and said haughtily:

"I only give, sir, to the genuine deserving poor."

"And whom do you call the genuine deserving poor?" the other asked.

"The genuine deserving poor," explained the nobleman, "are those who are too proud to accept charity."—Washington Star.

**Why It Was.**

A party of notherners was touring Virginia some years ago and as the crawling train was crawling through Stafford country, near Fredericksburg, an old and wizened woman with a basket bigger than herself came aboard and edged diffidently into the vacant place beside one of the men. After a while her seat mate decided that it could do no harm to draw her out a little for the benefit of the rest of the party.

"This is very poor land that you have around here, madam," he began.

"Mighty pore," she assented, humbly.

"I never did see such worthless soil."

"Naw, sub," with an air of deep dejection.

"Don't you ever sow any crops at all?" he kept on.

The ancient dame did not lift her head.

"Naw, sub," she drawled. "This hyer land around hyer was sowed 'bout three feet deep with Yankees, 'long 'bout forty years ago and we ain't been able to raise nary crap since."—Harper's Weekly.

**His Deficiency.**

A certain Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

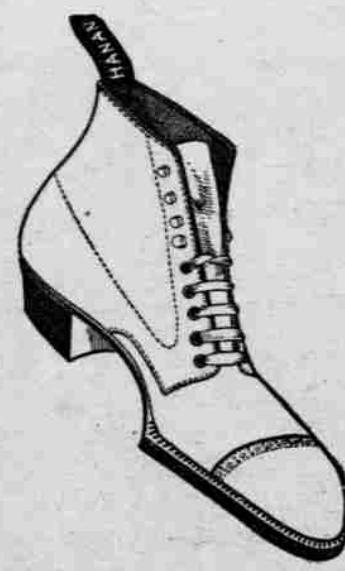
"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you are right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."—Harper's Weekly.

**And so They Were Married.**

The Heiress—And you would love me if I lost all my money?

The Count (earnestly)—Dearest, in



A man who gets his feet into a pair of Hanan shoes, will feel good enough about it to tell all his friends.

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to sing the praises of a good article; our soda water, like good wine, needs no bush. We have the largest assortment of flavors—every one pure.

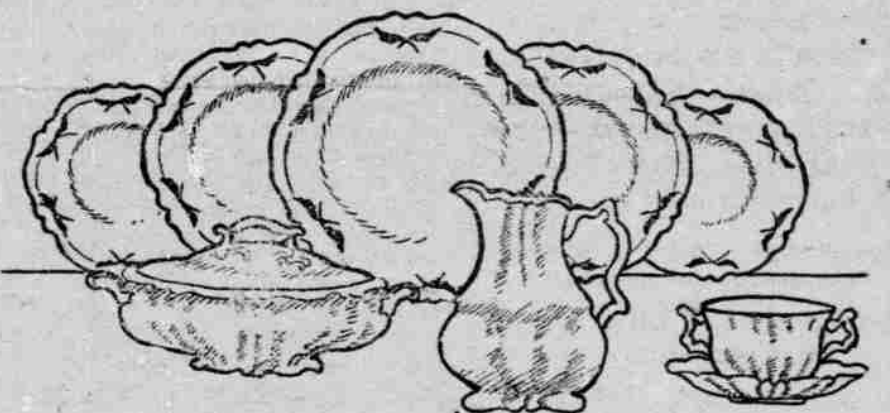
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**L. A. HOY**

Nuuanu, Below Hotel

that case what else would there be for me to love?

(More earnestly)—"More than that, I could even love your money apart from you."

"Quite right, darling. I want you always to separate me and my money in your thoughts."

(Most earnestly)—"In thought and in deed, it shall be my lifelong endeavor to separate you and your money."

**For the Amateur.**

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture referred at a recent dinner in Washington to the amateur florists who spring up in the suburbs at this season by thousands.

"More florists, perhaps, than flowers spring up," he said.

"In a seed shop the other day I heard one of these amateurs complain about the last batch of seed he had bought. After he had ended his complaint he began to ask floral questions."

"Oh, by the way," he said, "what

is a hardy rose?"

"It's one," growled the dealer, "that doesn't mind your pulling it up by the roots every day to see if it has begun to grow yet."—Washington Post.

**The Pride of Authorship.**

Hortense, aged six, is usually a sweet-tempered child. Yet one day she not only struck and kicked her little brother, Albert, but truth compels the statement she also spat upon him.

He good mother led her to a chair, and bade her think over her wickedness, saying she knew it was not Hortense who had done this evil thing, but a devil she had allowed to come into her eyes, and a sob in her voice.

After a time of silence, with tears in her eyes, and a sob in her voice, Hortense said: "Yes, mother, it was a devil that told me to strike and kick Albert." Then brightening with an angelic smile, "But that spitting was a little idea of my own."—What to Eat.